

APOLLO'S LYRE.



*If Music be the food of Love,
Play on.*

APOLLO's LYRE;

BEING

A SELECTION OF THE MOST APPROVED

S O N G S,

INCLUDING THOSE SUNG AT

Vauxhall, Theatres Royal, &c.

To which are added,

The FAVOURITE NEW SONGS

Sung at the THEATRE ROYAL, *Windfor,*

IN THE YEAR 1793.

Embellished with a FRONTISPIECE, elucidating the Title; & a beautiful VIGNETTE, representing *Jack Oakum* meeting his Girl. See page 41.



LONDON: Printed by J. FOWLER, Strand.
And SOLD by W. THOMPSON, at Mr. TURLIS'
Watch-maker, Church Street, WINDSOR.

Price Nine-pence.



CONTENTS.

A

A wandering Gypsey, Sirs, am I	—	—	6
At sixteen years old you could get little good of me			7
A Wife am I—but, well-a-day!	—	—	13
A flaxen-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be			30
Ask if yon damask rose be sweet	—	—	37
A glass is good, and a lass is good	—	—	46

B

By the side of a mountain o'ershadow'd with trees			34
Blyth Willy woes me soon and late	—	—	40
Ben Bowling, a true-hearted tar	—	—	47

C

Come hither, ye youths, and attend to my call			43
---	--	--	----

D

Dear Sir, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale			53
Dear Nancy, I've sailed the world all around	—	—	20
Dear ladies, if love is the plan you pursue	—	—	48

E

Ere around the huge oak that o'erthrows you will			24
--	--	--	----

F

For England when with favouring gale	—	—	11
Fair Caroline was once my love	—	—	35

H

Hither, hither, Mary, hither, hither come	—	—	45
Her mouth, which a smile	—	—	36

I

I'm here or there a jolly dog	—	—	44
In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream	—	—	34
In golden days, on rural plains	—	—	16

K

Kirkaldy is a bonny place	—	—	42
---------------------------	---	---	----

L

Long in the British navy	—	—	33
--------------------------	---	---	----

M

Man takes woman as his bane	—	—	15
My true hearty fellows, who smoke with such glee			53

N

Nae shepherd on the daisy plain	—	—	26
No' more I'll court the town-bred fair	—	—	28
Now's the time for mirth and glee	—	—	56

O

On Afric's wide plains, where the lion's now roaring			29
On Richmond Hill there lives a lass	—	—	59

S

Sir Solomon Simons, when he did wed	—	—	8
See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports, &c.			21
See the Mall throng'd with ladies, the gay and the fair			22
See the ball-room thick crouded, the dance is begun			23

T

Tho' Pallas, clad in shining arms	—	—	19
Tibby Fowler o'er the brae	—	—	12
The passing bell was heard to toll	—	—	44
Tho' neither in silks nor in sattins I'm seen	—		17
The day is departed, and round from the clouds			51
The world sure is mad! what the deuce, &c.	—		37
The busy crew their sails unbending	—	—	41

W

When night, and left upon my guard	—	—	44
What cheer, my dear girl, didn't I tell you as how			49
We soldiers drink, we soldiers sing	—	—	50
When I took my departure from Dublin's sweet town			54
Why, Molly, dear girl, do you whimper and sob			57
With bon Geneve here's honest Peg	—	—	58
While Discord, assuming fair Freedom's array	—		5
Where shall I seek the lovely swain	—	—	18
When call'd by our Country and King to protect 'em			9
Willy, after courting long	—	—	10
When nature first salutes the spring	—	—	39
With timbers green, from childhood's dock	—		31
When my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars			25

Y

You may feast your ears with a fife or a drum	—		27
Young Damon has woo'd me a monstrous long time			52

26
28
56
ADDENDA to the CONTENTS. v

ome, come Loyal Britons, let's chearfully sing 62

29
59
Great Britain still her Charter boasts — — 61

8
orc'd from home and all its pleasures - - - 67

21
r 22
a praise of queen Bess lofty strains have been sung 65

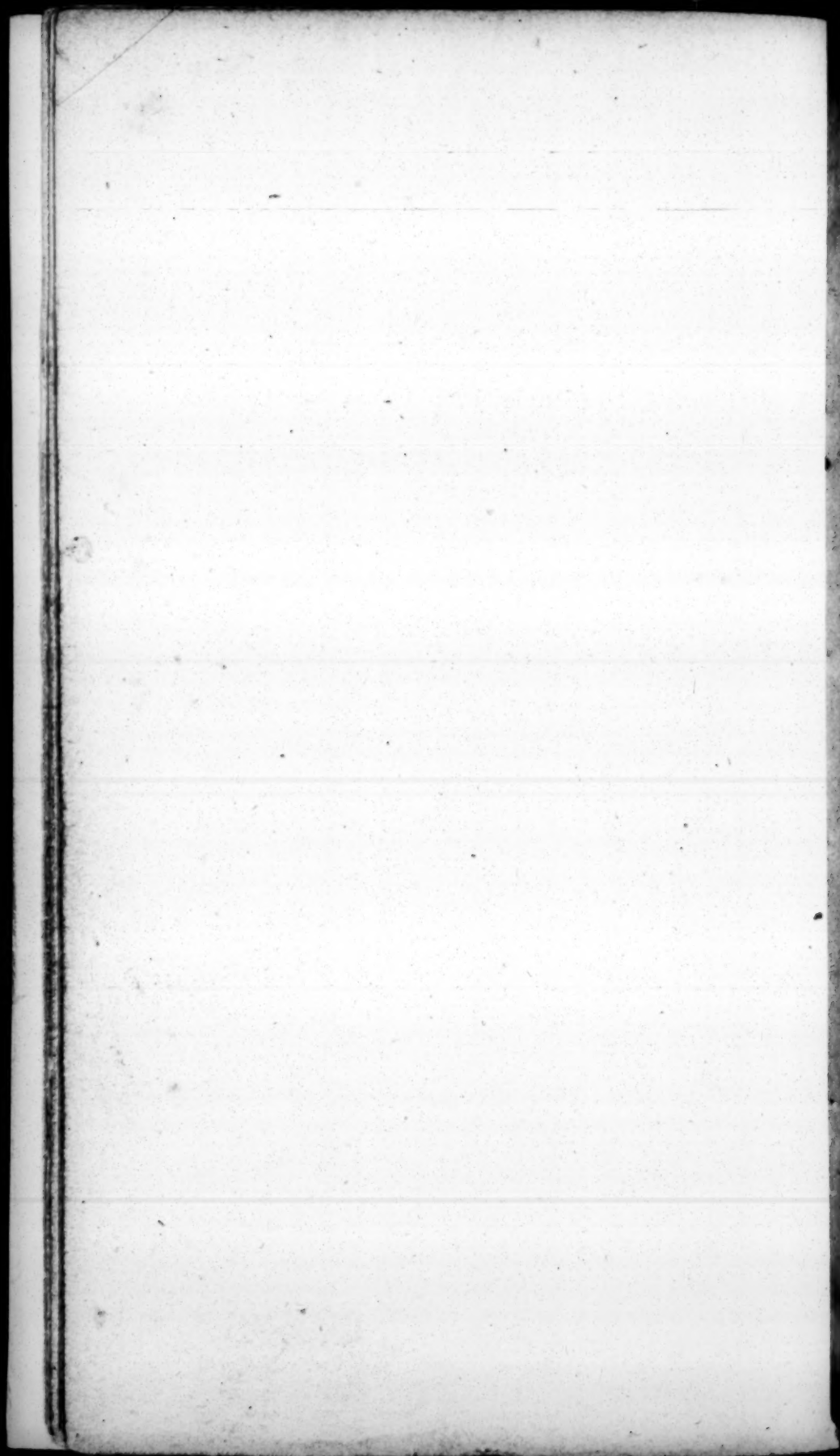
23
O! Lovely Dolly fat and sleek — — — — 64

19
12
There was Dorothy Dump, would mutter and mump 60

44
17
With my jug of brown ale I defy ev'ry care — 63

44
49
50
54
57
58
5
18
9
10
39
31
25

27
52



APOLLO'S LYRE.



LOYALTY'S INVOCATION.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY at VAUXHALL.

Written by Mr. VINT.

WHILE Discord, assuming fair Freedom's array,
Spreads carnage and death o'er the nations around,
Let Britons the standard of Concord display,
Nor order subvert, nor distinctions confound;
That fabric defend, which your fathers of yore
So gallantly rear'd at the price of their blood;
Transmit to your sons what your sires did before,
As yet unimpair'd by the time it hath stood.
When Loyalty calls you, like Britons obey,
And cheerfully join in the chorus, huzza!
Huzza! for King, Lords, and Commons, huzza!

Britannia, deploring with soft feeling heart,
That Plunder and Rapine should waste half the world,
Enjoins her brave legions their aid to impart,
And see with what ardour their sails are unfurl'd.
Our fam'd wooden walls, mann'd with true hearts of oak,
In thunders proclaim to the nations afar,
That France having dar'd our revenge to provoke,
Tho' peace is our aim, yet we're ready for war.
When Loyalty calls, we like Britons obey,
And cheerfully join, &c.

O Britain! survey your proud rival's sad doom,
 Behold her once fertile, now barren domains;
 And learn from her fate, amidst Anarchy's gloom,
 That death-feeding Famine eternally reigns:
 Inflam'd by Sedition, let Gallia neglect
 The means best adapted to Liberty's cause;
 Britannia will ever our freedom protect,
 Our property, commerce, religion, and laws.
 When Loyalty calls, we like Britons obey,
 And cheerfully join, &c.

THE LITTLE GYPSEY.

Sung by Mrs. MILNE at VAUXHALL.

Written by PETER PINDAR.

A WANDERING Gypsy, Sirs, am I,
 From Norwood, where we oft complain,
 With many a tear, and many a sigh,
 Of blust'ring winds and rushing rain.

No rooms so fine, nor gay attire,
 Amid our humble shed appear,
 Nor beds of down, nor blazing fire,
 At night our shriv'ring limbs to cheer.

Alas! no friends come near our cot,
 The Red-breasts only find the way,
 Who gave their all—a simple note—
 At peep of morn, and parting day.

But fortunes here I come to tell;
 Then yield me, gentle Sir, your hand,
 Amid those lines what thousands dwell!
 And, bless me, what a heap of land!

This surely, Sir, must pleasing be,
 To hold such wealth in every line!
 Try, pray now try, if you can see
 A little treasure lodg'd in mine.

(Holding out her hand.)

AN IRISH SONG.

(Sung by Mr. JOHNSON in the MOUNTAINEERS.)

AT sixteen years old you could get little good of me;
 Then I saw Norah—who soon understood of me
 I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me,
 Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas, dear, dear! what can the matter be?
 Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter be?
 Och, Grammachre! what can the matter be?
 Bother'd from head to the tail!

I went to confess me to Father O'Flannagan;
 Told him my case—made an end—then began again:
 Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
 If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be!
 Och, blood and ouns! can you tell what the matter be?
 Both cried, what can the matter be?
 Bother'd from head to the tail!

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again;
 Norah took pity to see me at nurse again;
 Gave me a kiss! och, zounds! that threw me worse again!
 Well she knew what I did ail.

But dear, dear! says she, what can the matter be?
 Och, blood and ouns, what can the matter be?
 Both cry'd, what can the matter be,
 Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary—
 How strange, growing older our nature should vary!
 All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,
 I cannot tell *now* what I ail.

Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
 Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter be?
 Och, Gramachree! what can the matter be?
 Bother'd from the head to the tail.

THE FARTHING RUSH LIGHT.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. at COLMAN's Theatre.

SIR Solomon Simons, when he did wed,
 Blush'd black as a crow, his fair lady did blush light,
 The clock struck twelve, they were tuck'd in bed,
 In the chimney a rush-light.
 A little farthing rush-light,
 Fal lal lal la,
 A little farthing rush-light.

Sir Solomon gave his lady a nudge,
 Cries he, Lady Simons, there's vastly too much light;
 Then Sir Solomon, says she, to get up you can't grudge,
 And blow out the rush-light.
 A little farthing rush-light.

Sir Solomon then out of bed he pops his toes;
 And vastly he swore, and very much did curse light,
 And then to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,
 And he puff'd at the rush-light.
 The little farthing rush-light.

Lady Simons got out in her night-cap so neat,
 And over the carpet my lady did brush light,
 And there Sir Solomon she found in a fright,
 Puffing at the rush-light,
 Then she puff'd at the rush-light,
 But neither of them both
 Could blow out the rush-light.

Sir Solomon and Lady, their breath quite gone,
 Rang the bell in a rage, determin'd to crush light;
 Half asleep in his shirt then up came John,
 And he puff'd at the rush-light,
 And he puff'd at the rush-light,
 But neither of the three
 Could blow out the rush-light.

Cook, coachee, men and maids, very near all in buff,
Came, and swore in their lives they never met with such
light,

And each of the family had a puff
At the little farthing rush-light,
The curst farthing rush-light;
But none of the family
Could blow out the rush-light.

The Watchman went by at last, crying One;
Here Watchman come up, than you we might on worse
light;

Then up went the Watchman—the business was done,
For he turn'd down the rush-light,
The damn'd farthing rush-light,
Past one o'clock!
So he put out the rush-light.

*Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. in the New Opera, called
CAERNARVON CASTLE.*

WHEN call'd by our Country and King to protect 'em,
No fears can with-hold us, no terrors annoy;
Tho' dangers surround us, why sure we expect 'em,
And the heart beats the rub-a-dub feelings of joy.

Should we think upon those we love dearly, Heav'n bless
'em!

A sigh will our over-charg'd bosoms employ;
But the hope that we soon shall return to cares 'em,
Soon beats up the rub-a-dub feelings of joy.

And as a poor comrade shall fall down beside us,
To soldier-like raptures it gives some alloy;
Then the thought that our actions to Fame have ally'd us,
Will beat up the rub-a-dub feelings of joy.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Written by Mr. VINT.

WILLY, after courting long,
 Marry'd me on Sunday ;
 All that day I held my tongue,
 But scolded him on Monday :
 Tuesday I grew dull and sad,
 Wednesday pass'd in scorning ;
 Thursday drove me nearly mad—
 But Friday—what a morning !
 Till at length that balm of life—
 Money !—brought a better day ;
 So we liv'd like man and wife,
 Kissing fond on Saturday.
 Willy next began the week,
 Tippling all the Sunday ;
 Therefore I, provok'd to speak,
 Scolded him on Monday ;
 Tuesday call'd him drunken sot,
 Wednesday, lubber lazy ;
 Thursday having mended not,
 Friday drove me crazy :
 Tho' I hop'd the fool would think
 Wiser on the latter day,
 Not a fous, for grub or drink,
 Earnt he on the Saturday.
 Bent at last to change my plan
 Every future Sunday,
 For 'twas plain I first began
 Wrong upon the Monday ;
 Tuesday then I calmer seem'd,
 Wednesday more indulgent ;
 Thursday peace and comfort beam'd,
 Friday shone refulgent ;
 Chacing thus corroding strife,
 Every day's a better day ;
 Joy and pleasure cheering life,
 From Thursday to Saturday.



THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, in HERTFORD BRIDGE.

FOR England when with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd;

*To heave the lead the seamen sprung,
And to the Pilot cheerly sung,*

“ BY THE DEEP—NINE!

And, bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view;
An Abbey-tower, an harbour fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;

*While oft the lead the seamen slung,
And to the Pilot cheerly sung,*

“ BY THE MARK—SEVEN!

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof!

*The lead once more the seamen slung,
And to the watchful Pilot sung,*

“ QUARTER LESS—FIVE!

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Written by Mr. VINT.

WILLY, after courting long,
 Marry'd me on Sunday ;
 All that day I held my tongue,
 But scolded him on Monday :
 Tuesday I grew dull and sad,
 Wednesday pass'd in scorning ;
 Thursday drove me nearly mad—
 But Friday—what a morning !
 Till at length that balm of life—
 Money !—brought a better day ;
 So we liv'd like man and wife,
 Kissing fond on Saturday.

Willy next began the week,
 Tippling all the Sunday ;
 Therefore I, provok'd to speak,
 Scolded him on Monday ;
 Tuesday call'd him drunken sot,
 Wednesday, lubber lazy ;
 Thursday having mended not,
 Friday drove me crazy :
 Tho' I hop'd the fool would think
 Wiser on the latter day,
 Not a fous, for grub or drink,
 Earnt he on the Saturday.

Bent at last to change my plan
 Every future Sunday,
 For 'twas plain I first began
 Wrong upon the Monday ;
 Tuesday then I calmer seem'd,
 Wednesday more indulgent ;
 Thursday peace and comfort beam'd,
 Friday shone refulgent ;
 Chacing thus corroding strife,
 Every day's a better day ;
 Joy and pleasure cheering life,
 From Thursday to Saturday.



THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, in HERTFORD BRIDGE.

FOR England when with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd;

*To heave the lead the seamen sprung,
And to the Pilot cheerly sung,*

“ BY THE DEEP—NINE!

And, bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view;
An Abbey-tower, an harbour fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;

*While oft the lead the seamen slung,
And to the Pilot cheerly sung,*

“ BY THE MARK—SEVEN!

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof!

*The lead once more the seamen slung,
And to the watchful Pilot sung,*

“ QUARTER LESS—FIVE!

TIBBY FOWLER :

A GOOD OLD SCOTCH SONG.

TIBBY FOWLER o'er the brae,
 There's o'er monny wooing at her ;
 Tibby Fowler o'er the brae.
 There's o'er monny wooing at her ;
 Courting at her, wooing at her,
 Seeking at her, canna get her ;
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Ten came east, and ten came west,
 And ten came rowing o'er the water ;
 Twa gaid down the lang dyke-side ;
 There's twa and-thraiy wooing at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Fye upo' the filthy soort,
 There's o'er monny wooing at her ;
 Fifteen came frae Aberdeen ;
 There's seven-and-forty wooing at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Be a lassie ne'er sae fine,
 Gin she want the penny filler,
 She may live till ninety-nine,
 L'er she gets a man till her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Be a lassie ne'er sae black,
 Gi'e her the name of meikle filler,
 And set her upo' a hill tap,
 The wind will blaw a man till her.
 Courting at her, &c.

She's got pendels till her lugs ;
 Cockle-shells wad set her better ;
 High-heel'd shoon. and filler studs,
 And a' the lads are wooing at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

In came Frank, wi' his lang legs.
 Gar'd a' the stairs play clitter clatter;
 Had awa', young men, he begs,
 For, by my sooth, I will be at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

MY NATIVE COTTAGE.

Written by Mr. VINT.

A WIFE am I—but, well-a-day!
 An hapless one indeed;
 The dreary hours drag dull away,
 And duller still succeed.
 Ambition yok'd me to a man,
 Just verging on his dotage,
 So jealous too—ah! fatal plan!
 To leave my native cottage.

How happy roll'd each youthful day,
 Till urg'd by luckless fate,
 To throw that happiness away,
 For splendour, wealth, and state;
 E'en when I'd scarce attain'd fifteen,
 And surely that was not age,
 For me to leave the rural scene,
 My humble native cottage.

Our great disparity of years
 Creates a jealous eye;
 When I seem gay, he sad appears,
 Himself can best tell why.
 But I forgive my fretful chum,
 Poor soul! he's in his dotage:
 E'en let him growl—for time to come,
 I'll mourn my native cottage.

NEIGHBOUR SLY.

Written by Mr. DIBBIN.

THE passing bell was heard to toll,
 John wail'd his loss with bitter cries,
 The Parson'd pray'd for Mary's soul,
 The Sexton hid her from all eyes.

"And art thou gone?"

Cry'd wretched John,

"O dear, 'twill kill me, I am dying!"

Cry'd Neighbour Sly,

While standing by,

"Lord, how this world is given to lying!"

The throng retir'd, John left alone,

He meditated 'mong the tombs,

And spelt out on the mould'ring stones,

What friends were gone to their long homes;

"You're gone before,"—

Cry'd John,—“no more—

"I shall come soon, I'm almost dying!"

Cry'd Neighbour Sly,

Still standing by,

"Lord, how this world is given to lying!"

Here lies the bones—Heav'n's will be done—

Of Farmer Slug;—reader, would'st know

Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone?

'Twas his disconsolate widow.

Cry'd John, “Oh ho!

“To her I'll go—

"No doubt with griet the widow's dying."

Cry'd Neighbour Sly,

Still standing by,

"Lord, how this world is given to lying!"

Their mutual grief was short and sweet;

Scarcely the passing bell had ceas'd,

When they were sped;—the funeral meat

Was warm'd up for the marriage feast!

They vow'd and swore,
 Now o'er and o'er,
 They ne'er would part till both were dying.
 Cru'd Neighbour Sly,
 Still standing by,
 " Lord, how this world is given to lying !"

Again to hear the passing bell,
 John now a sort of hank'ring feels ;
 Again his help-mate brags how well
 She can trip up a husband's heels :
 Again to th' tomb
 Each longs to come,
 Again with tears and fobs and fighting,
 For Neighbour Sly
 Again to cry,
 " Lord, how this world is given to lying !"

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. in CAERNARVON CASTLE.

MAN takes woman as his bane,
 Putting prudence out of joint ;
 Ever differing like a vane,
 Her's the feather, his the point.
 When you're silent, they are loud ;
 When you're fullen, they are kind.
 Women, like a thunder cloud,
 Ever run against the wind.

Plump against you will they fouse ;
 When you smile, they're sure to pout ;
 Like a Dutchman's weather-house,
 One is in, when t'other's out.
 When you're silent, &c.

Never on her judgment dwell,
 If you'd drink from reason's cup ;
 Like two buckets at a well,
 Hers is down, when yours is up.
 When you're silent, &c.

RURAL SIMPLICITY.

Tune—The Merry Roundelay.

IN golden days, on rural plains,
 Youthful shepherds tun'd the lyre,
 With their love inspiring lays
 Fill'd each maid with chaste desire.
 Ever generous, blyth and gay,
 Pass their happy, happy hours away.

Rustic beauties, cold, nor coy,
 Blest the passion of each youth;
 Swains, inspir'd with rapt'rous joy,
 Vow'd eternal love and truth.
 Ever generous, &c.

Gently manner'd, free from art,
 Each soul with love and virtue glow'd;
 Nature's language from the heart,
 Join'd with pure affection, flow'd.
 Ever generous, &c.

Charm'd with notes of warbling birds,
 On rosy bank each amorous pair
 Watch'd content their fleecy herds,
 Void of heart-corroding care.
 Ever generous, &c.

But in this depraved age,
 So corrupt the human heart,
 That each sex, on life's great stage,
 Rarely act a generous part:
 Dissipated night and day,
 Pass their heavy, heavy hours away.



THE HAPPY MILK-MAID.

Sung by Miss MILNE at VAUXHALL.

Written by Mr. VINT.

THO' neither in silks nor in sattins I'm seen,
My garb, if but homely, is wholesome and clean;
An apron of blue, with a plain ruffer gown,
And spotted silk handkerchief, all are my own;
For which with the fruits of my labour I pay,
And that is much more than my betters can say:
Still trudging at morn and at eve to and fro,
With—milk, pretty maids! any milk below!

Tell me not of bondage, 'tis all a mere joke,
I'm never more happy than under a yoke;
In which I as fairly can manage my pails,
As e'er Madame Justice could balance her scales.
Go things how they will, I've the proverb in view,
In dealing with all, give the Devil his due;
And blyth as a lark, while I trudge to and fro,
Keep still crying—milk! any milk below!

The Statesman, the Doctor, the Lawyer in silk,
The Bishop in lawn—are but dealers in milk;
While one milks his patient, and drains him of health,
Another his client can milk of his wealth;
While one hath the national dairy at call,
The church t'other milks—without preaching at all.
Thro' life then I'll merrily trudge to and fro,
And still cry my milk, any milk below!

THE SILVER MOON.

Sung by Miss MILNE, at VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Written by Mr. UPTON,

WHERE shall I seek the lovely swain,
That woo'd me on the banks of Tweed?
Where hear the soft and tender strain
He play'd upon his oaten reed?
O sweetly could the shepherd play,
The bonny boy that won me soon,
For Sandy stole my heart away
While playing by the silver moon.

Where can he stray? Ah! tell me where;
Return, my love, return to me;
Come, let us to the grot repair,
That overlooks the surgy sea:
And when the village train's at rest,
My bonny boy, thy bagpipes tune,
For what can e'er our loves molest
While playing by the silver moon?

Come then, my bonny boy, with speed,
Or else with grief my heart will break;
Come, let us range the banks of Tweed,
And join the merry dance or wake;
But what's the dance or wake to me,
The boast of every silly loon,
Compar'd to moments pass'd with thee,
While playing by the silver moon?



THE ROYAL SOLDIER.

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN, at VAUXHALL:

Written by Mr. UPTON.

THE' Pallas, clad in shining arms,
May strike the world with dread alarms,
And crested Mars uplift the spear,
Britannia still has nought to fear:
The Royal Soldier's born to show,
What 'tis to prove a Briton's foe.
Then hail the day that gave him birth,
For gallant YORK has prov'd his worth.

On Prussia's plains the Vet'ran King,
Thus taught the British Youth to sing:
"O haste, Bellona, haste the day
"When England may have cause to say,
"My Royal Soldier, bravely show
"What 'tis to prove a Briton's foe."
Then hail the day that gave him birth,
For gallant YORK has prov'd his worth.

To Prussia's Princes oft is cried,
"A Nation's loss, a Kingdom's pride;
"Bear witness to the vows I swear,
"My Country's good shall be my care:
"Thy Royal Soldier yet shall show,
"What 'tis to prove a Briton's foe."
Then hail the day that gave him birth,
For gallant YORK has prov'd his worth.

Proud Valenciennes, a host of foes.
 Could, truly nobly brave, oppose;
 Till Britain's Champion took the field,
 And forc'd the haughty Gauls to yield:
 The Royal Soldier's born to show,
 What 'tis to prove a Briton's foe.
 Then hail the day that gave him birth,
 For gallant York has prov'd his worth.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY at VAUXHALL.

Written by Mr. UPTON.

DEAR Nancy I've sailed the world all around,
 And seven long years been a rover,
 To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,
 But now my hard perils are over.
 I've sav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,
 The comforts of life to beget,
 Have borge in each climate the heat and the cold,
 And all for my pretty Brunette:
 Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me.

Tho' others may boast of more riches than mine,
 And rate my attractions e'en fewer.
 At their jeers and ill-nature I'll scorn to repine,
 Can they boast of a heart that is truer?
 Or will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
 Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
 If not, why I'll do it again, and again,
 And all for my pretty Brunette.

Then say my sweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar in pursuit of the foe,
 I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
 Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,
 And, ah! never more see my Nancy;
 But Hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
 And bade me such nonsense forget:
 I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
 And all for my pretty Brunette.

Then say, my sweet girl, &c.



THE HIGH METTLED RACER.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun ;
What confusion!—but mark—I'll bet you, Sir—done!
done!

A thousand strange rumours resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear ;
While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, his nose almost touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush,
The horsemen and dogs, who are hard at his brush ;
O'er heath, hill, and moorland, led by the sly prey,
By scent and by view cheat a long tedious way ;
But alike bred for joys of the field and the course,
Always sure to come through—a staunch and fleet horse ;
And, when fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd—but yet with some blood ;
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won that sweepstakes—his sire won that race ;
And the matches he gain'd to the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at a hedge ale-house door ;
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

At length, old and weak—drudging early and late—
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate ;
From morning to evening he tugs in a mill,
Or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass stands still ;

And when lifeless and cold, he's expos'd to view
On the very same cart which he yesterday drew!
While a pitying crowd his sad relics furrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds!

THE HIGH METTLED BEAUTY.

TUNE—*The High Mettled Racer.*

SEE the Mall throng'd with ladies, the gay and the fair!
See the beaux, and the wits, to those ladies repair;
Now they ogle, and chatter, and whisper around,
And simper and nonsense are easily found.
With monstrous craws how the sweet ones appear,
So ambling, so trotting, so gay, debonair;
So charming, so nodding, with plumes so elate,
The high-mettled beauty is dress'd out in state.

The poet, philosopher, prelate, and peer,
The great, and the little—all ranks you'll find here:
The long tails, the bob-tails, the simple, and wise,
Are all here in fashion—most charming disguise!
Yet the great and the little, the big and the small,
Alike seem employ'd—about nothing at all;
Yet the high-mettled beauty is order'd, by fate,
To nod in high plumes, and to amble in state.

The lass, who is gadding from morning to night,
Her cap and her gown both in pitiful plight,
Perhaps, for a trifle, is glad to be known,
Tho' her person's as pleasing as any in town;
The broad grin of satire on her is display'd,
Tho' first by his grace, or his lordship betray'd;
While Betsy, the gay, and the fav'rite of fate,
In the Mall nods away, with her feathers elate.

But let the distinction of dress be once past,
And the die of mortality thrown at the last,
The high-mettled Polly will certainly find,
That, like to dame Fortune, Time was not so blind;

Disorders and conscience her mind must perplex,
 Infirmities tease, and her conscience still vex;
 One falls a most wretched example by fate,
 The other lies rotting, and stinking in state.

THE ELEGANT FAIR ONE.

Written by Mr. THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN.

TUNE—The High Mettled Racer.

SEE the ball-room thick crouded, the dance is begun;
 Hear thro' the bright circle what soft murmurs run;
 A thousand gay characters float in the maze,
 Lords, gamblers, fine ladies, all keep up the gaze;
 While with neck like a swan, & with high-beating breast,
 With waist nicely taper'd, and form'd to be prest,
 Scarcely touching the floor, full of frolic and game,
 The elegant Fair One first challenges fame.

Now the Park's thickly throng'd, the high phaeton see,
 The delicate hunter, gilt coach, vis-a-vis;
 Each grace and each charm every party displays,
 And Fashion peeps forth in a thousand sweet ways;
 While alike fitly bred for the ball-room or course,
 The phaeton to drive, or to curb the fleet horse;
 By this time, fair Virtue's an obsolete word,
 And the elegant Fair One's a w——e to a lord.

Grown stale, somewhat aged, unfit for my lord,
 Devoid of all passion, her appetites cloy'd;
 While beaux and box-swellers her pedigree trace,
 Tell whose she has been, from the groom to his grace;
 What style she has liv'd in, with pleasure count o'er,
 As they loiter their time at some bagnio door;
 While with poverty sunk, and diseases weigh'd down,
 The elegant Fair One's a girl of the town.

At length from St. James's to Wapping she stray'd,
 Her blood all polluted, her system decay'd;

On straw at some bunter's she gives up her breath,
 Or in some filthy kennel's arrested by death !
 Who so lately each pomp and each vanity knew,
 Is now left a horrible sight to the view ;
 Her relick a pitying croud now behold,
 And the elegant Fair to the surgeon is sold.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

Sung by BLACKBERRY, in O'KEEFFE'S Farce called
 THE FARMER.

ERE around the huge Oak that o'er shadows yon Mill
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine,
 Ere the church was a ruin that nods on that hill,
 Or a rook built her nest on that pine ;

Could I trace back the time, a much earlier date,
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field ;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unfully'd descended to me ;
 For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free.



THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown at my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my much honour'd scars,
When indifference stood at each gate?

The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd
Shew'd a different aspect to me;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got;
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join in some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind;
For when the wide main-I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade:

And I vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could show
More kindness than they did to me,

THE CARSE OF GOWRY.

Written by Mr. VINT.

NAE shepherd on the daisy plain,
 Like Donald e'er can please me;
 For how can they my love obtain,
 Whose offers do but teaze me?
 Young Donald dearly doats on me,
 Full weel can I discover,
 And praise the place wi' tunefu' glee,
 That gave me sic a lover:
 Of a' the vallies North o' Tweed,
 Howe'er sae green and flow'ry,
 There's nane o' them that can exceed
 The bonny Carse of Gowry.

Ye maids in silks and sattins-bra',
 O give me your opinion,
 Can ye from outward beauty draw
 Controul in Love's dominion?
 Ah me! I fear you'll answer—"No!
 " Sic joy can ne'er botide us;
 " Thro' life 'tis not external show—
 " But mental charms—can guide us."
 Of a' the vallies North o' Tweed,
 Sae fertile and sae flow'ry,
 There's nane o' them that can exceed
 The bonny Carse of Gowry.

Young Donald is sae kind a swain,
 My bosom must adore him;
 Nae lad on a' the rural plain
 Can ever come before him:
 Reclining on yon downy brae,
 His pipe, sae sweet and charming,
 Delights me ilka summer's day,
 Whilst love my heart is warning.
 Of a' the vallies North o' Tweed,
 Sae fertile and sae flow'ry,
 There's nane o' them that can exceed
 The bonny Carse of Gowry.

THE COACH BOX.

Sung by Mr. COLLINS, in his BRUSH.

YOU may feast your ears with a fife or a drum,
 Or the catgut tickle, or the wire strum,
 But next to the smack of a sweet girl's lip,
 The music for me is the smack of the whip.

CHORUS.

With my ding dong, dash along,
 Heigh je ho! heigh je ho! &c.

At the Statesmen's driving, the Patriot pouts,
 While the changes he rings on the *INS* and the *OURS*,
 Swearing every Courtier's a Minister's hack,
 And none but the Devil is half so black.

When the prodigal son takes the reigns in his hands,
 And the go-by gives to his houses and lands,
 With black, white, and brown, his career he runs,
 But, alack! he's at last overtaken by the duns.

But let them still quarter the road of care,
 While I on the road have a birth to spare,
 If I overtake a friend that is put to the shift,
 Overturn me plump, but I'll lend him a lift.

When a passenger, pointing at ten men pack'd
 On the top of the roof, talk'd of Gammon's Act;
 Why, says I, Master Gammon may a great man be,
 But all you can say is but gammon to me.

Once to ride in my coach little Teague had a mind.
 But for want of the blunt took the basket behind;
 When the great fear, that put poor Paddy in a pother,
 Was the basket and coach running foul of one another.

And when to silence all his scruples at once,
 He was pitch'd in the boot to secure his sconce,
 Now, says he, push away, I'll complain no more,
 Since I'm first at last, tho' behind before.

But whether before or behind we are stow'd,
 When in life we are over the upland road,
 May the vale of years then the prospect crown,
 And the journey end in a safe set down.

BONNY BET.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE in the FARMER.

NO more I'll court the town bred fair,
 Who shines in artificial beauty;
 Her native charms without compare,
 Claim all my love, respect, and duty.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, sweet blossom,
 Was I a king so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy lover's bosom.

Yet ask me where those beauties lie,
 I cannot say in smile or dimple;
 In blooming cheeks, or radiant eye,
 'Tis happy nature, wild and simple;
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common,
 Ye gods! one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman!
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
 Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing,
 My heav'n art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture every sense entrancing.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.



THE DESPONDING NEGRO.

ON Afric's wide plains, where the lion's now roaring,
With Freedom stalks forth, the vast desert exploring,
I was dragg'd from my hut, and enchain'd as a slave,
In a dark floating dungeon, upon the salt wave.

CHORUS.

Spare a halfpenny! spare a halfpenny!
O! spare a halfpenny to a poor Negro!

Toss'd on the wild main, I all wildly despairing,
Burst my chains, rush'd on deck, with my eye-balls wide
glaring,

When the light'ning's dread blast struck the inlets of day,
And its glorious bright beams shut for ever away.

The despoiler of man then his prospect thus losing,
Of gain, by my sale, not a blind bargain chusing;
As my value, compar'd with my keeping, was light,
Had me dash'd overboard in the dead of the night.

And but for a bark to Britannia's coast bound then,
All my cares by that plunge in the deep had been drown'd
then;

But by moonlight descried, I was snatch'd from the wave,
And reluctantly robb'd of a watery grave.

How disastrous my fate! freedom's ground tho' I tread
now,

Torn from home, wife and children, and wandering for
bread now,

While seas roll between us, which ne'er can be cross'd,
And Hope's distant glimmerings in darkness are lost.

But of minds foul and fair, when the Judge & the Ponderer
 Shall restore light and rest to the blind and the wanderer,
 The European's deep dye may out-rival the snow,
 And the soul of an Ethiop prove white as the snow.

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

Sung in the Farce of the FARMER.

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
 And next a merry plough-boy, I whistled o'er the lea;
 But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
 And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face :
 When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
 My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill ;
 When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
 I'll stand the poll for Parliament, and then vote in myself;
 Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppose ;
 When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my noes.
 I'll bawl, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches charm
 the ear ;
 And when I'm tir'd on my legs, I'll then sit down a Peer.
 In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the
 lea.



GREENWICH MOORINGS.

Sung by Mr. PILBROW, at BERMONDSEY SPA GARDENS.

Written by Mr. VINT.

WITH timbers green, from childhood's dock,
 Buoy'd up by youthful notions,
 My roving fancy dar'd to mock
 The storms of raging oceans ;
 Thus braving fear, my mind became
 Well sheath'd with emulation ;
 Tight rigg'd, on board the good ship FAME
 I took an early station :
 Nor dreamt, when thus I went to sea,
 That after hard endurings,
 It so would hap that Tom should be
 Laid up in Greenwich Moorings.

From boy to man, from clime to clime,
 In quest of glory roaming,
 I weather'd oft and many a time
 Rough gales and billows foaming ;
 Where lightnings flash, and thunders jar,
 Where fever'd seas are rolling ;
 Where mermaids smile in liquid car,
 'Midst dread tornadoes howling.
 Still Hawser's heart was rigg'd with glee,
 In spite of past endurings,
 Nor harbour'd e'er a thought that he
 Should lie in Greenwich Moorings.

Whate'er I earn't by sweat of brow,
 Was squander'd soon in folly ;
 Nor one reflection did bestow,
 Except on lovely Molly :
 But tho' Love's compass still my heart
 To Molly's charms directed,
 I ne'er from duty did depart,
 Nor Britain's fame neglected.
 When *bit* grew scant, I went to sea,
 And left her fond assurances ;
 Nor thought my batter'd hull should be
 Laid up in Greenwich Moorings.

I made my charming girl a vow,
 That barring all miscarriage,
 I'd take her, when return'd, in tow,
 To plough the seas of marriage :
 But, sad reverse! poor Tom no more
 To faithless Poll enticing,
 My starboard limb was shiver'd sore,
 Beyond the skill of splicing ;
 I found my fair one's clouded brow
 Obscur'd her late assurances ;
 " Begone!" she cried, " you're fittest now
 " To lie in Greenwich Moorings."

So to our gracious King I'll drink,
 And success to his navy ;
 O may tell faction deeply sink,
 Fast grappled by Old Davy !
 And here's to every gallant tar,
 Brave soldier, and fair trader ;
 In peace it Britain's kind—in war
 They'll check each bold invader.
 With one limb less than God gave me,
 I sinne at past endurings.
 And booze my can of grog with glee,
 Laid up in Greenwich Moorings.



THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

TUNE—*Dibdin's Greenwich Pensioner.*

Written by Mr. VINT.

LONG in the British army
 I prov'd my country's rights,
 And with accounts can charm ye
 Of sieges and of fights ;
 Where thousands oft fell martyrs,
 Amidst the rage of strife ;
 While some in Chelsea Quarters
 Were billeted for life.

I fought at Bunker's battle,
 Minorca's siege was at ;
 Where men were slain like cattle,
 Or maim'd—for Lord knows what !
 Yet those who fell not martyrs,
 But wounded in the strife,
 Were sent to Chelsea Quarters,
 And billeted for life.

'Twas on the plains of Flanders,
 Near Amand's Wood, I know,
 Led on by brave commanders,
 We met the Gallic foe :
 And tho' they fought like Tartars,
 We ended soon the strife ;
 But now in Greenwich Quarters
 I'm billeted for life.

YARROW VALE.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, at VAUXHALL.

IN Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
Where love, and youth, and beauty stray,
Oft thro' the twilight's waving gleam
Sweet Mary trac'd the dewy way.
She lov'd the meads, the tow'ring trees,
The fanning of the western gale,
Yet sigh'd for something still to please,
By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
Sweet pleasures sighs, the pensive said;
Here shades and mingles the shepherd's dream,
And zephyrs soothe the slumb'ring maid;
While I languor-musing rove,
List'ning the lonely woodlark's wail,
And thro' the woods unheeded rove,
By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
Nature his friend, his guardian love,
Sandy, beneath the moon's soft beam,
Had follow'd Mary thro' the grove:
He look'd, she blush'd, he spoke, she sigh'd,
Blest hour to tell a tender tale;
Next morning saw the nymph a bride,
By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

Written by Mrs. ROBINSON.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at VAUXHALL.

BY the side of a mountain o'ershadow'd with trees,
With thick clusters of vine intermingled and wove,
I behold my thatch'd cottage, dear mansion of ease!
The seat of contentment, of friendship, and love.

Each morn when I open the latch of my door,
 My heart throbs with rapture to hear the birds sing,
 And at night, when the dance in the village is o'er,
 On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of spring.

When I hide in the forrest from noon's scorching ray,
 While the torrent's deep murmurs re-echoing sound,
 When the herds quit their pastures to quaff the clear stream,
 And the flocks in the vale lie extended around,
 I muse, but my thoughts are contented and free,
 I regret not the splendor of riches and pride,
 The delights of retirement are dearer to me
 Than the proudest appendage to greatness allied.

I sing, and my song is the carol of joy,
 My cheek glows with health like the wild rose in bloom,
 I dance, yet forget not, tho' blythsome and gay,
 That I measure the footsteps that lead to the tomb;
 Contented to live, yet not fearful to die,
 With a conscience unspotted I pass thro' life's scene,
 On the wings of delight ev'ry moment shall fly,
 And the end of my days be resign'd and serene.

CAROLINE OF DARTMOUTH.

Written by Mr. UPTON.

FAIR Caroline was once my love,
 And I was all to her:
 My state I thought e'en Kings above,
 While she did me prefer.

To deck her in each costly gown,
 I list'd in the war,
 And bade farewell to Dartmouth Town,
 To try my fate afar.

I brav'd the hottest of the fight,
 As was a soldier's due!
 Convinc'd my Country's cause was right,
 And many a foe I slew.

At last kind Peace her olive wav'd,
 And Dartmouth town I fought;
 And many a gem in plunder sav'd,
 To Caroline I brought.

But she refus'd my hard-got means,
 And deem'd my visit bold;
 For love, the boast of happier scenes,
 Was barter'd since for gold.

Adieu! false Caroline, adieu!
 'Tis hard with life to part!
 But harder still to think that you
 Should break a soldier's heart!

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

Sung by BEVILLE, in the Farce of ROSINA.

HER mouth, which a smile,
 Devoid of all guile,
 Half opens to view, is the bud of the rose;
 Is the bud of the rose,
 In the morning that blows,
 Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath,
 Than the flow'r-scented heath;
 Than the flow'r-scented heath at the dawning of day;
 The hawthorn in bloom,
 Or the lily's perfume,
 Or the blossoms of May.



FAIR SUSANNA.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
That scents the ambient air;
Then ask each shepherd that ye meet,
If dear Susanna's fair!

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
And warble thro' the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let pride in splendor shine;
Ye bards, unenvy'd, laurels wear;
Be fair Susanna mine.

CRIM. CON.

Written by Mr. VINT.

THE world sure is mad! what the deuce can folks mean?
I ne'er knew the like in my life;
From the Duchefs at Court to the nymph of the green,
There's danger in chusing a wife:
While Truth's out of season,
Faith, Virtue, and Reason,
With Shame, to the devil are gone—
Each husband's *fair treasure*
Can fancy no pleasure,
Like that in the charms of CRIM. CON.

Go which way you will, scarce a Don can you meet,
 A favour whose brow not adorns;
 'Tis well to beware, 'mong such herds in the street,
 Lest your eyes be invaded by horns:
 Now Madam so frisky,
 In phae on or whiskey,
 Likes best to be driven by John;
 Because he rides faster,
 She swears, than his master,
 Nor stops till he enters CRIM. CON.

Tho' John only jockied as duty had taught,
 And Ma'am was the galloper gay,
 The Jury decreed him, tho' not worth a groat,
 A purse of five thousand to pay; †
 Because the postillion,
 Amidst of a million,
 Had prov'd a most wonderful ONE:
 For holding Love's bridle,
 He never was idle,
 But won the great prize at CRIM. CON.

Your grave plodding Cits, from the Nobles at Court,
 A charming example may draw;
 Nor dread now to revel in Venus's sport,
 Since Vice hath crept into the Law;
 While many a poor Jerry
 Sings hey doodle derry,
 And fondles the off-pring of John;
 The famous postillion
 Is drank by a million
 Of sweet female friends of CRIM. CON.

† *An Irish Jury, some time since, gave a verdict of five thousand pounds damages against a postillion, for CRIM. CON. with his mistress.*

TWO BUNCHES A PENNY, PRIMROSES.

*Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN, at VAUXHALL.**Written by Mr. UPTON.*

WHEN nature first salutes the spring,
 And fields all green appear,
 The feather'd tribes their mattins sing,
 And hail the verdant year.
 But tho' the country boasts of sweets
 Unlike to those in town,
 How sweet to hear, in London streets,
 What's cried both up and down,
 Two bunches a penny primroses, two bunches a penny.

Stern winter may enrobe with snow
 Each valley, dale, and hill,
 Throughout the world bid tempests blow,
 And freeze the bubbling rill;
 Yet spring will come, with smiling face,
 And spread each joy around,
 Give freedom to the wat'ry race,
 And wake the pleasing sound,
 Two bunches, &c.

Thus winter must to spring give way,
 As seasons roll along,
 The thorn-bud blossom with the May,
 The lark resume his song;
 And tho' the country boasts of sweets
 Unknown to those in town,
 How sweet to hear, in London streets,
 What's cried both up and down,
 Two bunches, &c.

Go which way you will, scarce a Don can you meet,
 A favour whose brow not adorns;
 'Tis well to beware, 'mong such herds in the street,
 Lest your eyes be invaded by horns:
 Now Madam so frisky,
 In phae on or whiskey,
 Likes best to be driven by John;
 Because he rides faster,
 She swears, than his master,
 Nor stops till he enters CRIM. CON.

Tho' John only jockied as duty had taught,
 And Ma'am was the galloper gay,
 The Jury decreed him, tho' not worth a groat,
 A purse of five thousand to pay; †
 Because the postillion,
 Amidst of a million,
 Had prov'd a most wonderful ONE:
 For holding Love's bridle,
 He never was idle,
 But won the great prize at CRIM. CON.

Your grave plodding Cits, from the Nobles at Court,
 A charming example may draw;
 Nor dread now to revel in Venus's sport,
 Since Vice hath crept into the Law;
 While many a poor Jerry
 Sings hey doodle derry,
 And fondles the offspring of John;
 The famous postillion
 Is drank by a million
 Of sweet female friends of CRIM. CON.

† *An Irish Jury, some time since, gave a verdict of five thousand pounds damages against a postillion, for CRIM. CON. with his mistress.*

TWO BUNCHES A PENNY, PRIMROSES.

*Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN, at VAUXHALL.**Written by Mr. UPTON.*

WHEN nature first salutes the spring,
 And fields all green appear,
 The feather'd tribes their mattins sing,
 And hail the verdant year.
 But tho' the country boasts of sweets
 Unlike to those in town,
 How sweet to hear, in London streets,
 What's cried both up and down,
 Two bunches a penny primroses, two bunches a penny.

Stern winter may enrobe with snow
 Each valley, dale, and hill,
 Throughout the world bid tempests blow,
 And freeze the bubbling rill;
 Yet spring will come, with smiling face,
 And spread each joy around,
 Give freedom to the wat'ry race,
 And wake the pleasing sound,
 Two bunches, &c.

Thus winter must to spring give way,
 As seasons roll along,
 The thorn-bud blossom with the May,
 The lark resume his song;
 And tho' the country boasts of sweets
 Unknown to those in town,
 How sweet to hear, in London streets,
 What's cried both up and down,
 Two bunches, &c.

DEAR WILLY.

Sung by Miss MILNE at VAUXHALL.

BLYTH Willy woos me soon and late,
 He's ever in my sight,
 He says I am his bonny Kate,
 His love and heart's delight.
 Ye lasses, tell me what to do,
 Perhaps I may be filly,
 But sure it's right to buckle too,
 And marry my dear Willy.

The laddy loos no other maid,
 I ken, than simple me;
 He's gear in store, and muckle trade,
 And then, how fond is he!
 Ye lasses, tell me what to do,
 Perhaps I may be filly,
 But sure it's right to buckle too,
 And marry my dear Willy.

My mither and my father, mind,
 Have given their consent,
 And I am nearly half inclin'd,
 But fear I may repent!
 Ye lasses, tell me what to do,
 Perhaps I may be filly,
 But faith, I think I'll buckle too,
 And marry my dear Willy.

JACK OAKUM.

A favourite Sea Song.

THE Busy Crew their sails unbending,
 The ship in harbour safe arriv'd,
 Jack Oakum all his perils ending,
 Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging, no one dare attack it ;
 Tight fore and aft, above, below,
 Long-quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
 With trouzers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,
 He flew like lightning to the side ;
 Scarce had he been a boat's length rowing,
 Before his Kitty he espy'd.

A flowing pendant gaily flutter'd
 From her neat-made hat of straw ;
 Red were her cheeks, when first she utter'd
 It was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,
 While secure from all alarms ;
 Swift as a ball from a nine-pounder,
 They dart into each other's arms.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

THE world is a well furnish'd table,
 Where guests are promise'ously set ;
 We all fare as well as we're able,
 And scramble for what we can get,
 My simile holds to a tittle,
 Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste ;
 But if I'm content with a little,
 Enough is as good as a feast.

WE SHALL LIVE TOGETHER LADDIE.

The much admired Scotch Song,

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, at VAUXHALL.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

KIRKALDY is a bonny place,
And Jemmy liv'd beside it,
'Twas there we saw each other's face,
Whatever may betide it:
But be it ill, or be it not,
I dinna care a feather,
For soon at kirk we'll tie the knot,
And we shall live together!
O, we shall live together, Laddy,
We shall live together!

My Mither raves from morn to night,
And says I must grow older;
Yet she is seldom in the right,
As Father's often told her:
So let her scold, and let her frown,
I dinna care a feather;
The Parson will be soon in town,
And we shall live together!
O, we shall live together, Laddy,
We shall live together!

My Mither vows it shanna be,
When Father is not near her;
But since we've made a friend of he,
I dinna muckle fear her!
For be she right, or be she wrong,
I dinna care a feather,
Since we're to marry ere it's long,
That we shall live together!
O, we shall live together, Laddy!
We shall live together!

THE VAUXHALL GYPSEY.

A FAVORITE SONG,

Sung by Miss MILNE.

COME hither, ye youths, and attend to my call,
 I'm the poor little gypsey that sings at Vauxhall,
 Who has cunning enough, if you cross but her hand,
 To know whether fate will obey her command.

Then list to my call,
 Whether sober or tipsey,
 Attend to the gypsey,

The poor little gypsey that sings at Vauxhall.

Some youths who're in love, and can live on a sigh,
 May be anxious to guess at their fair one's reply;
 If she shews her white teeth and for ever is gay,
 Love is sad, and you only are in—a sad way.

You'll shortly sing small,
 No longer—se ipse:
 So mind you the gypsey,

The poor little gypsey that sings at Vauxhall.

The sweet little Miss just arrived at her teens,
 Who cannot make out what the Gentleman means,
 Begs Teacher to suffer her lot may be told her,
 Whether "Husband and Coach," as in time she grows
 older?

Then come to my call,
 So frisky and whip-se,
 And mind you the gipsey,

The poor little gypsey that sings at Vauxhall.

Would you all wish to know then the fortune of all,
 Here come to my levee at merry Vauxhall,
 Where cross gypsey's hand with a small bit of stuff,
 No man but shall say, I give blessings enough.

Then be blest one and all,
 Either sober or tipsey,
 Remember the gypsey,

The poor little gypsey that sings at Vauxhall.

HITHER, MARY, HITHER COME.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

Sung by Master PHELPS, at VAUXHALL.

HITHER, hither, Mary, hither, hither come,
 And taste with me the vernal bloom;
 Here the fragrant hawthorn blows,
 Here blooms the pink and blushing rose:
 Hither come with me to prove
 The sweet delights of mutual love.

Hither, hither, Mary, hither, hither come,
 Make this bow'r thy peaceful home,
 Taste the bliss of rural ease,
 Matchless joys of love and peace:
 Hither come with me to prove
 The sweet delights of mutual love.

Hither, hither, Mary, hither, hither come,
 No longer from thy lover roam,
 These delights come share with me,
 Nature smiles to welcome thee:
 Hither, hither come with me to prove
 The sweet delights of mutual love.

OH, COME, SWEET MARY, COME TO ME.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, in the Entertainment of
 SPRIGS OF LAUREL.*

WHEN night, and left upon my guard,
 Nor whi'p'ring breeze, nor leaf is heard,
 And stars between close branches peep,
 And birds are hush'd in downy sleep,
 My soul to softest thoughts resign'd,
 And lovely Mary fills my mind;
 At every noise, for blurt "Who's there?"
 I gently breathe, "is't thou, my fair?"
 Thy dying Soldier haste and see,
 Oh, come, sweet Mary, come to me."

As on my post thro' blaze of day,
 The wretched, happy, sad, and gay,
 In quick succession move along,
 I see, nor hear the passing throng;
 My soul so wrapt in Mary's charms,
 I hug my musquet in my arms:
 So, all of passion, joy and grief,
 When comrades bring the glad relief,
 I cry, thy Soldier haste and see,
 Oh, come, sweet Mary, come to me!

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR, in SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

I'M here or there a jolly dog
 At land or sea I'm all a-gog,
 To fight, or kiss, or touch the grog,
 For I'm a jovial midshipman,
 A smart young midshipman,
 A little midshipman,
 To fight, or kiss, or touch the grog,
 Oh! I'm a jovial midshipman.

My honour's free from stain or speck,
 The fore-mast men are at my beck,
 With pride I walk the quarter-deck,
 For I'm a smart young midshipman, &c.

I mix the pudding for our mess,
 In uniform then neatly dress;
 The Captain asks (no need to press)
 Come dine with me, young midshipman, &c.

When Royal William comes on board,
 By England's navy all ador'd,
 From him I sometimes pass the word,
 Tho' I'm an humble midshipman, &c.

A GLASS IS GOOD.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN, in SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

A GLASS is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather ;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

A bottle it is a very good thing,
With a good deal of good wine in it ;
A Song is good, when a body can sing,
And to finish we must begin it.

A glass is good, &c.

A table is good, when spread with good cheer,
And good company sitting round it ;
When a good way off, we're not very near,
And for sorrow, the devil confound it.

A glass is good, &c.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,
For that's a good time to try him ;
For a Justice good, the haunch of a buck,
With such a good present you buy him.

A glass is good, &c.

A fine old woman is good when she is dead,
A rogue very good for good hanging ;
A fool is good, by the nose to be led,
My good Song deserves a good banging.

A glass is good, &c.



BEN'S DEPARTURE.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at VAUXHALL.

WRITTEN BY MR. VINT.

BEN BOWLING, a true-hearted Tar,

A right gallant Son of Old Ocean,

Elate with the rumours of war,

Soon felt all his courage in motion;

The King, he said, must be obey'd,

So, Molly, a truce to thy wailing;

For see, every anchor is weigh'd,

And all the Fleet ready for sailing:

Then kissing his charmer, withdrew,

But often turn'd kindly to hail her;

While Molly sigh'd faintly adieu!

Invoking success to her Sailor.

Behold the Fleet now under way,

Their topsails are swell'd by the breezes;

What beauty their streamers display,

What grandeur the prospect increases!

See, see, down the Channel they stretch,

To glory and victory steering;

While proudly the crowd on the beach

Salute the bold Heroes with cheering:

And still, while his charmer's in view,

Ben often turns kindly to hail her;

While Molly sighs faintly adieu!

Invoking success to her Sailor.

Should France, amid thunder and smoke,

Her navy build hopes of success on,

Depend on't, our true hearts of oak

Will teach her an old English lesson:—

May Ben, for his dear Molly's sake,
 Return again laden with treasure,
 And, taking her under his wake,
 Moor safe in the harbour of Pleasure;
 That Ben, when again he shall view
 His charmer, with rapture may hail her;
 And Molly, who late sigh'd adieu!
 Glad greet the return of her sailor.

YOU'LL CONQUER YOUR MAN.

Sung by Mr. SEDGWICK, at VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Written by Mr. UPTON.

DEAR Ladies, if love is the plan you pursue,
 Whether single or married, I'll give you advice,
 I'll prove your physician, and counsellor too,
 And ask in return, but your smiles as my price.
 First, you that wou'd join in the conjugal band,
 And wish to get married as soon as you can,
 Let love and good temper e'er go hand in hand,
 And then never doubt but you'll conquer your man.

Next, you that are married, and wish to remain,
 E'er pleasing and lovely wherever you go;
 In your minds, charming Ladies, this maxim retain,
 When a husband says Yes, never answer him No.
 Should he frown, with a smile his ill-nature repay,
 'Tis a proof of indulgence—but humour the plan;
 And if now and then you but him give his way,
 Of this never doubt but you'll conquer your man.

Let this be your plan, whether virgins or wives,
 And, Ladies, believe me, you're sure to be right;
 Good temper's the pill to make happy your lives;
 'Tis the balm of affection and source of delight;
 The term call'd Obey, which you chance may have heard,
 Is compris'd in such limits, you easy may span,
 Be kind and good-temper'd composes the word—
 Do this, and ne'er doubt but you'll conquer your man.

POOR JACK'S RETURN.

Tune—POOR JACK.*Written by Mr. VINT.*

WHAT cheer, my dear girl, didn't I tell you as how,
 That "perhaps I should laughing come back?"
 Now you plainly perceive that my words are come true,
 So accept a salute from Poor Jack :
 My heart's rigg'd with truth, and my honesty tight,
 Not a stripe of false colours I wear ;
 And the compass of Love hath directed me right,
 To be blest with the charms of my fair :
 So, d'ye see, that the Chaplain may splice us in one,
 Let me steer thee to Hymen's kind shore ;
 For Jack is resolv'd, until that shall be done,
 To depart from his Polly no more.

Let your fine courtly lubbers palaver and boast,
 Who ne'er sail'd on Sincerity's main ;
 Let 'em cowardly skulk upon Flattery's coast ;
 Such buccaneer swabs I disdain.
 It ne'er shall be said that Jack yet has to learn
 How to guard such a consort as you ;
 Do you think I'll croud canvas, and drop you astern ?
 —No! shiver my jib if I do !
 So now, my dear Girl, let me take thee in tow,
 Since again I'm safe anchor'd on shore
 For until 'fore the Chaplain I've plighted my vow,
 I'll depart from my Polly no more.

Let the mil'd breeze of Virtue still waft thee thro' life,
 By the helm of fair Constancy steer ;
 Then the rocks, & the shoals, & the quicksands of strife,
 Start my planks, if you ever need fear :
 'Cause why, d'ye mind, while that sweet little youth
 Sits smiling on watch up above,
 Can the tempest of Fate snap the cable of Truth,
 Or drag from the anchor of Love ?
 So coil up your doubts, my dear Polly, nor think
 To be wreck'd on Misfortune's lee-shore ;
 Sould Adversity board us, together we'll sink,
 Ah! never to part any more.

O my Shipmates, remember! our Chaplain would say
 (On his log-book he preached to us oft)
 There's a MIGHTY COMMANDER, whom all must obey
 That will order good Seamen aloft!
 Then avast, my sweet girl, swab the lights of your face
 Don't let sniv'ling your pleasure annoy;
 O my timbers! I like not such squalls to take place,
 On the smooth-bosom'd ocean of Joy:
 Bear a hand then, my love, with the current of Bliss
 Let's be stretching for Hymen's kind shore;
 For until we're united, depend upon this,
 I'll depart from my Polly no more.

WE SOLDIERS DRINK, WE SOLDIERS SING.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at VAUXHALL.

WE soldiers drink, we soldiers sing,
 We fight our foes, and love our king,
 Are ever brisk and jolly,
 Are ever brisk and jolly.
 We know no care in peace or war,
 We know no care in peace or war;
 We ask no wealth but fame and health,
 A knapsack and a Dolly.
 When mirth invites, we seldom think;
 When honour calls, we never shrink;
 But, scorning melancholy,
 Alert and gay, we march away
 To foreign parts with cheerful hearts,
 A knapsack and a Dolly.
 If doom'd to fall, the good and brave
 Will dew with tears their soldier's grave;
 Thus sadness is a folly.
 His dauntless sword Fame will record,
 His comrade dear will prize and cheer
 His knapsack and his Dolly.
 Then come, my noble heroes, come,
 With sprightly fife, and echoing drum,
 With minds elate and jolly;
 Let's take the field, nor ever yield
 To Fortune's frowns, till conquest crowns
 Our knapsack and our Dolly.



THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at VAUXHALL GARDENS.

THE day is departed, and round from the clouds
The moon in her beauty appears,
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears ;
Maria appears, now the season so sweet,
While the beat of the heart is in tune,
The time is so tender for lovers to meet,
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
I sigh, can a lover do more ?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er ;
Maria, my love, do you long for the grove,
Do you sigh for an interview soon,
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon ?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
My bosom is all in a glow,
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' my ear,
My heart thrills, my eyes overflow ;
The powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon,
Thall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon ?

'TIS NO FAULT OF MINE.

A FAVORITE SONG.

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN.

WRITTEN BY MR. GOODWIN.

YOUNG Damon has woo'd me a monstrous long time,
I dare say 'tis a twelvemonth at least,
But courtship's so pleasant, when youth's in its prime,
The date of it cannot be guess'd,
Oh, how I did laugh when I thought I cou'd vex,
Or cause him in anguish to pine,
Indeed 'tis the fashion with all our kind sex,
So you know it is no fault of mine.

The more constant he grew, the more flippant was I,
In his sigh I enjoy'd fresh delight,
When he ask'd for a kiss, tho' I long'd to comply,
Yet I tortur'd myself out of spite;
When he found me resolv'd, all his hopes to perplex,
He forsook me and left me to pine;
Indeed 'tis the fashion with that cruel sex,
So you know it was no fault of mine.

How short were the moments when Damon was near,
Now each minute's as long as a day,
And winter's dark mantle envelops the year,
Tho' then ev'ry season was May.
I'll seek the dear youth, and, to heal the keen smart,
Declare I to pity incline,
If then he refuses my hand and my heart,
Why you know 'twill be no fault of mine.



THE BROWN JUG.

DEAR Sir, this Brown Jug, that now foams with mild ale
 (Out of which I will drink to sweet Kate of the Vale)
 Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
 In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel;
 And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-wov'n arbour, as gay as you please;
 With a friend, and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in its convert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he made this Brown Jug.
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;
 So here's to my lovely, sweet Kate of the Vale.

THE PIPE AND JUG,

MY true hearty fellows, who smoke with such glee,
 To beg your attention for once I'll make free,
 And sing of our pipes, while thus merry and snug,
 We lighten our cares, as we lighten our jug;
 This jug, which from Toby its origin boasts—
 Old Toby! whose mem'ry enlivens our toasts.

Toby's fame, like his size, spreads so great by his ale,
 That for Agnes, no room could be found in the tale;
 Honest Agnes, the social support of his life,
 Both for quaffing and size, was well pair'd as his wife
 Therefore, singing her praise, we with joy will regale,
 Whilst our Pipes and our Jug give a zest to our ale.

The Potter, who shrewdly found Toby's remains,
 Thought to visit again there might answer his pains,
 Where, in brief, he found Agnes, whose size (as her life,
 Made her qualify'd duly to lie as his wife;
 Her fair fame, all the village incessantly quote;
 Whose Vicar the following Epitaph wrote.

" Agnes Philpot, the wife of old Toby renown'd,
 " Who liv'd whilst on earth, now lies dead in this ground;
 " Old Care of her grieving for Toby, to bilk,
 " She soften'd her trouble with brandy and milk:
 " Swoln with silky she thriv'd, till her skin gave a crack,
 " And Death popping in, laid her here on her back."

At these lines our shrewd potter a happy thought started,
 That Toby and Agnes should never be parted;
 So he took of her clay, which was white as her milk,
 And temper'd with brandy, 'till softer than silk;
 Then forming these Pipes, he advis'd fly and snug,
 That we kiss her fair *Clay*, and shake hands with his *Jug*.

PADDY BULL'S EXPEDITION.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's sweet town,
 And for England's own self thro' the seas I did plough,
 For four long days I was toss'd up and down,
 Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow;
 While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, fir,
 I clung like a cat a fast hold for to keep, fir,
 Round about the big post that grows out of the ship, fir:
 Oh! I never thought more to sing Lango Lee.

Thus standing slack still all the while I was moving,
 Until Ireland's coast I saw clean out of sight;
 Myself the next day a true Irishman proving,
 When leaving the ship on the shore for to light:

As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
 The first step I took I was in such a totter,
 That I jump'd upon land—to my neck up in water.
 Oh! that was no time to sing Lango Lee.

But, as sharp cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
 And my stomach and bowels did grumble and growl,
 I thought the best way to get each in good humour,
 Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my soule:
 So I went to a house where roast meat they provided, fir,
 With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spy'd, fir,
 And which grinds all their smoke into powder beside.
 'Tis true as I'm now finging Lango Lee,

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage-coaches,
 That set sail for London each night in the week;
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,
 As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek;
 But as for the inside I'd no cash in my casket—
 Says I, "With your leave, I make bold, fir, to ask it,
 "When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the
 basket,
 For there I can ride and sing Lango Lee.

When making his mouth up—"The basket (says he) fir,
 "Goes after the coach a full hour or two."
 "Very well, fir (says I) that's the thing then for me, fir,"
 But the devil a word that he told me was true;
 For tho' one went before and the other behind, fir,
 They sat off cheek by jole at the very same time, fir,
 So the same day, at night, I set out by moonshine, fir,
 All alone by myself finging Lango Lee.

Oh! long life to the moon, for a brave noble creature,
 That serves us with lamp-light each night in the dark;
 While the sun only shines in the day, which, by nature,
 Wants no light at all—as you all may remark;
 But, as for the moon, by my soul, I'll be bound, fir,
 It would save the whole nation a great many pounds, fir,
 To subscribe for to light her up all the year round, fir,
 Or I'll never sing more about Lango Lee.



CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and love, and laugh with me;
Cupid is my theme of story,
'Tis his godship's fame and glory.
How all bend unto his law.

Ha! ha! ha! &c.

O'er the grave and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his share of play;
He makes heroes quit their glory;
He's the god most fam'd in story;
Bending them unto his law—

Ha! ha! ha! &c,

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity piercing hearts;
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions;
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law—

Ha! ha! ha! &c.

You may doubt these things are true,
But they're facts, 'twixt me and you;
Then ye men and maids be wary,
How you meet before you marry;
Cupid's will is solely law—

Ha! ha! ha! &c.



THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

Written by Mr. VINT.

WHY, Molly, dear girl, do you whimper and sob,
 And sigh till your heart's like to burst?
 What tho' a rude bullet should strike off my nob,
 Mine surely will not be the first;
 And Death, you must know, in the purple-dy'd field,
 Regards neither rank nor degree;
 For when the grim tyrant Fate's weapon doth wield,
 He'd as lief strike the General as me:
 Then cheer up, my charmer, no longer complain,
 But banish your sorrow afar;
 It may be that I shall come safe home again,
 Enrich'd with the trophies of war.

Tho' it so be enroll'd in the muster of Fate,
 That amidst the dread battle's alarm,
 Poor Tom shall receive a hard rap on the pate,
 Or be lopt of a leg or an arm;
 Shall I skulk from duty when Glory doth call,
 Shall Britain invite me in vain?
 Tho' the turf be my pillow—my breakfast, a ball,
 Why damn me, if e'er I complain:
 So it argues nothing, dear Molly, to cry,
 Let hope still to grief be a bar;
 There's a just God of Battle that hovers on high,
 May reward me with trophies of war.

Mist dangers undaunted a soldier should roam,
 Endow'd with the soul of a man;
 While foplings and fribbles may caper at home,
 Whose life's a mere flash in the pan.

But if I am destin'd to die in my bed,
 And not in a battle be slain,
 Why then it may happen, with laurels o'erspread,
 I'll see my dear Molly again :
 Then a truce to your wailing, sweet girl, cease to cry,
 Don't you know, while I'm fighting afar,
 There's a just God of Battle, that hovers on high,
 May reward me with trophies of war.

PEG JUNIPER.

Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT, at ASTLEY's Theatre.

WITH bon Geneve here's honest Peg,
 From Brussel's famous city ;
 From camp to camp, with glass and keg,
 For soldiers smart and pretty.
 And oft the serjeant deigns to cry,
 As Peg is passing carelets by—

What, lovely, is it you?—come here, you little devil, a word with you ; what have you?—" Geneve, your honour," says I, " would you please to taste it?"—" Damn your Geneve," says he, " kiss me prettily, and I'll give you something."—" Lord, Sir!" says I, " how can you talk so profane? would you ruin my character?"—" Curse your character," replies he, " what's that to me."—" Thank you, Sir," says I, its only

Lira, Lira la! Lira, Lira la!

With a jolly soldier.

Sometimes when the sun is down,
 And soldiers drink together,
 The song and story blithe goes round,
 In spite of wind or weather—
 While oft the drummer slips away,
 And thus to Peg is heard to say—

Peggy, my keg of sweets, you do not love me? you have broke the drum-sticks of my heart, you jade, and do not pity me!—" Pity the devil," says I, " you piece of parchment, what do you want with me?—Come, none of

your winking, fellow, what do you take me for?"—"An Angel," says he, "and I'll play such a rub-a-dub upon your lips, my charmer,"—"Play a rub-a-dub upon my — get out," says I, "I know what you're after, but its

Lira, Lira la! Lira, Lira la!

With a jolly soldier.

Oft the gallant Major steals to poor Peg most filly,
And his story soon reveals with each art so wily;
Yet I smiling bid him go,
With a fye, Sir, O, no, no!

Bon Geneva, your honour? nothing else I assure you; I never fell any thing that I am ashamed of—"Blood and pounds!" says he, "do you take me for a gin-drinker?—Arrah, be aisy, and I'll not hurt you, child."—"Bless your honour," says I, "but consider my virtue."—"Oh don't mention it," says he, "how old are you, honey?—'Forty-four, you honour," says I. "O you are a tender kid," says he, "for the devil to pick;—come here, while I give you a bit of a squeeze; do you love an Irishman?—Ah, your honour," says I, "don't ask me, when you know its

Lira, Lira la! Lira, Lira la!

With a jolly soldier.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON at VAUXHALL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn;
Whose charms all other maids surpass—
A rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will;
I'd crowns resign, to call her mine—
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill!

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
 And wanton thro' the grove,
 O! whisper to my charming fair,
 I die for her and love.
 This lasts so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be
 Who calls this nymph his own!
 O! may her choice be fix'd on me—
 Mine's fix'd on her alone.
 This lasts so neat, &c.

A I R.

Sung in the CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

THERE was Dorothy Dump, would mutter & mump
 And cry "my dear Walter, heigho!"
 But no step she could take, would my constancy shake,
 For she had a timber toe.

There was Rebecca Rose, with her aquiline nose,
 Who cried "For you Walter, I die,"
 But I laugh'd at each glance she threw at me askance,
 For she had a gimblet-eye.

There was Tabitha Twist had a mind to be kissed,
 And made on my heart an attack;
 But her love I derided, for she was lop-sided,
 And cursedly warp'd in the back.

There was Barbara Brian, who always was crying
 "Dear youth put an end to my woes,"
 But to save in her head all the tears that she shed,
 Nature gave her a bottle-nose.

The COMPACT of FREEDOM.

*As sung by Mr HAYMES, at the Theatre Royal, Windsor,
before Their Maj sties and the Royal Family.*

GR^{EAT} Britain still her Charter boasts,
Which Heav'n benignly gave ;
Tho' hostile pow'rs surround our coasts,
Out darling land we'll save.
Our darling, &c.

Old England will be England still,
And aid each good ally,
Nor dread alarms,
While British Arms,
Are crown'd with Victory.
Nor dread, &c.

When Princes take the lead in war,
To guard a Nation's Laws :
The yeoman scorns each threat'ning scar,
And joins the common cause.
Old England, &c.

Let Valour now with mercy blend,
While justice strikes the blow ;
Our Rights preserve, our King defend,
And scourge a haughty foe.
Old England, &c.

There one impregnant Phalanx stands,
To assert great Fate's decree ;
KING, LORDS, and COMMONS joining hands,
Protect our LIBERTY.
Old England, &c.

A LOYAL SONG.

Sung by Mr HAYMES, at the Theatre Royal, Winaſor.

COME, come loyal Britons, lets chearfully ſing,
 The excellent Virtues of GEORGE our great King;
 They blaze with refulgence ſuperbly they ſhine,
 May Heav'n ſurround him with bleſſings divine!
 And that ev'ry Briton may chearfully ſay,
 God bleſs him, preſerve him, and keep him, I pray!
 Come away, come away, let's aſſociate I pray,
 And your love, zeal and loyalty ever diſplay.

May thoſe who ſurrouud him his perſon revere,
 Improv'd by example, be true and ſincere;
 His cares to decreaſe, and his comforts extend,
 Be their conſtant purſuit and their ultimate end.
 And thoſe who would wiſh to diſturb his bleſt reign,
 May their arts, wiles & ſchemes prove abortive & vain.
 Come away, bc.

'Gainſt Rebels and Traitors we will him defend,
 Who is to his people a father and Friend;
 Good Heav'n ſupport us in this glorious Cauſe,
 The defence of our Sovereign, Religion and Laws!
 And to ſweeten life's paſſage and make it ſerene,
 Preſerve his lov'd Conſort, our amiable Queen.
 Come away, &c.

The LOYAL TOPER.

Scene—an ale-house door.

WITH my jug of brown ale I defy ev'ry care,
 I quaff and I laugh, and I ever will sing,
 The strain of an Englishman, free as the air,
 Success to my country and health to my King.
 The great feel a pang which the poor never know;
 In the joys of good liquor, all trouble we drown,
 So confusion to care, and a fig for all woe,
 Which never shall enter the sign of tha Crown.

May Old England be happy as happy can be;
 May her Tars and her Soldiers be valiant and true;
 To be loyal, my lads, is the way to be free,
 A fact father Time has transmitted to yon.
 Here's a health to our Monarch and long may he reign,
 The blessing of England, its boast and its pride;
 May his Troops guard the land and Fleets rule the main
 And may Charlotte long sit on the Throne by his side.

FAT DOLLY the COOK.

Written by Mr Cawdell, Comedian.

O! Lovely Dolly fat and sleek, |
 When standing by the fire,
 Her lovely cheek and shining face
 Encreas'd my heart's desire,
 But when the kitchen fire she stirr'd,
 She scoarch'd my very liver,
 And as the mutton turn'd, I burn'd,
 So we roast'd both together.

How often have I sigh'd and pin'd
 When she has stirr'd a pudding,
 To see her put the spice and wine,
 And other matters good in;
 But when the plumbs she pick'd and clean'd,
 Poor Trim was sure to rue it,
 And as the mutton fat she skin'd,
 I curs'd the plumbs and suet.

No partridge, pheasant, cock, or hare,
 Could come within the larder,
 But corporel Trim was sure to share,
 'Twas that made me regard her;
 Then a sop in the pan so sweet,
 So nice and brown and savoury,
 Altho' my lord the mutton got,
 'Twas Trim got all the gravy.

A fire she's made within my breast,
 Without the help of fuel,
 A calf's head on my shoulders plac'd,
 My soul is water gruel;
 Would but Pythagoras set me free
 From a life of melancholy,
 A little turnspit dog I'd be,
 And turn the wheel for Dolly.

The GOLDEN DAYS we now possess;
A SEQUEL to the favourite Song of
The GOLDON DAYS of good Queen BESS.

With Additions and Variations.

IN praise of queen Bess lofty strains have been sung, fir,
And her fame has been echo'd by old and by young,
fir;

But from times that are past we'll for once turn our
eyes, fir,

As the times we enjoy 'tis but wisdom to prize, fir.

Then let us praise the Goldon Days we now possess,
Whatever were the Days of good queen Bess.

No bigots rule the roast now, with persecution dire, fir,
Burning zeal now no more heaps the faggot on the fire,
fir;

No bishop now can broil a poor jew like a pigeon, fir,
Nor barbacie a pagan, like a pig, for religion, fir.

Such are, &c.

No legendary saint robs the lab'rer of one day,
Except now and then when he celebrates saint Monday,
And good folks, ev'ry Sabbath,—keep church without
a pother, fir,

By walking in at one door, and stealing out at t'other,
fir.

Such are, &c.

Then for dress, modern belles bear the bell beyond
compare, fir,

Tho' farthingales and ruffs are rather out of wear, fir,

But when trufs'd up like pullets, though lean they look
plump, fir,
When deck'd with the pad, the merry thought or rump,
fir.
And praise, &c.

Such promontories, sure, may be styl'd inaccessible,
As our small-cloths, by prudes, are pronounc'd in-
pressibles;
And the taste of our beaus won't admit of dispute, fir,
When they ride in their slippers, and walk about in
boots, fir.
Such are, &c.

Our language is refin'd too from what it was of yore, fir,
As a shoestring's the dandy, and a buckle's quite a bore
fir!
And if rais'd from the dead, it would sure pose the
noddle, fir,
Of a Shakespere, to tell what's the *Tippy*, *Quoz*, or
Twaddle, fir.
Such are, &c.

Then for props of the state, what can equal in story, fir,
Those two stately pillars, call'd a Whig and a Tory, fir!
Though by shifting their ground, they sometimes get
so wrong, fir,
They forget to which Side of the House they belong,
fir.
Such are, &c.

But as props of their strength & uprightness may boast, fir,
While the proudest of pillars may be shook by a post, fir;
May the firm friends of Freedom her blessings inherit, fir,
And her foes be advanc'd to the *post* which they merit, fir,
Such are, &c.

French tyrants we can conquer, their armada can with-
stand, fir,

For o'er *half* this armada lord Hood holds command, fir;

And may the gallant Howe t'other *half* guarantee, fir;

By *seizing* it all, for us *lords* of the *Sea*, fir.

Such are, &c.

Then what heroes of old can surpass those in story, fir;

YORK, ERNEST and ADOLPHUS, for great and early
glory, fir?

For virtue, what Princesses like our's e'er were seen, fir?

While fam'd *Bess* is surpass'd by our good and gracious

QUEEN, fir.

Such are, &c.

And as the house of BRUNSWICK claims duty, love &
awe, fir,

Beyond a Plantagenet, a Tudor, or Nassau, fir;

Let the Sceptre be sway'd, by the King we admire, fir?

May his RACE rule this land till the globe is on *fire*,
fir.

And all their future days be crown'd with glory and
success,

And make their name eclipse the fame of Queen *Bess*.

The Afflicted AFRICAN.

FORC'D from home and all its pleasures,

Afric's coast I left forlorn;

To encrease a stranger's treasures,

O'er the raging billows born.

Men from England bought and sold me,

Paid my price in paltry gold;

But tho' their's they have enroll'd me,

Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
 What are England's rights I ask?
 Me from my delights to sever,
 Me to torture, me to talk!
 Fleecy locks and black complexion
 Cannot forfeit nature's claim,
 Skins may differ, but affection,
 Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all creating nature
 Make the plant for which we toil?
 Sighs must waft it, tears must water,
 Sweet of our's must dress the soil.
 Think ye masters, iron hearted!
 When seated at your jovial board;
 Think inhuman! how we've smarted
 For the sweets your cane affords.

Is their, as ye sometimes tell us?
 Is their one who reigns on high?
 Has he bid you buy and sell us?
 Speaking from his throne;—the sky.
 Ask him if your knotted scourges,
 Fetters, blood extorting screws,
 Are the means which duty urges,
 Agents of his will to use.



